

... THE ... Converted Catholic

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xxii: 32.

Vol. XV.

DECEMBER 1898.

No. 12

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Specially designed for the enlightenment of
Roman Catholics and their conversion
to Evangelical Christianity.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR, PUBLISHER,
142 West 21st St., New York.

Subscription, per Year.....\$1.00

Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Sample copies sent on application.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as second-
class matter.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Rev. F. S. Devona, Portrait.....	345
EDITORIAL NOTES—Rest for Your Souls —The Greatest Miracle—Morey for War, and for Missions—Missionaries for Porto Rico.....	355
THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for 1899.....	356
The Transfiguration of Christ, by Rev. New- man Hall.....	357
Christ's Mission Debt.....	359
Christ's Mission, Portrait.....	360
Rev. James A. O'Connor, Portrait.....	361
Strong as Death—A Story of the Huguenots by Miss Elizabeth Arrott Wells.....	363
Raffle for Souls in Mexico.....	366
Father O'Connor's Letters to Cardinal Gibbons.....	367
Life in Roman Catholic Monasteries, by Augustine Baumann (Father Augustine)....	371
St. Paul of the Cross, Portrait.....	372
Passionist Monastery, Portrait.....	377
Inferiority of Catholic Education.....	380
Volumes XV. and XVI.....	380
Index of Volume XV.....	382

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE closing days of the month of
November bring all in Christ's
Mission nearer to God, nearer to Christ.
It was on November 30 a year ago that
the doorkeeper of the Mission passed
from earth to heaven. Truly the Lord
gave him to us, and the Lord hath
taken him away. No person was better
loved by all who came to the Mission
since the present building was opened
in 1891, and no one was a more efficient
Christian worker than the boy Luther.

A booklet in memory of the young
"Doorkeeper in the house of the Lord"
will be sent on the anniversary of his
death to the friends who sent loving
words of sympathy and to those who
would like to have a copy of this mem-
orial of a Christian boy.

Rest for Your Souls.

"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in
the ways, and see, and ask for the old
paths, where is the good way, and walk
therein, and ye shall find rest for your
souls." (Jer. 6, 16.)

"I will give you rest," says our
Saviour, personifying what the prop-
het said. This is His promise to all
who believe in Him. There is distrust of

God if we are troubled about the future. We are not living "under the shadow of the Almighty" if present cares oppress us. The memory of the past that causes sadness, leads to doubt of God's mercy and love. "This one thing I do," says Paul; "forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 3, 13, 14.)

The Greatest Miracle.

It was a converted Catholic who said: "The greatest miracle that I know of is that of my conversion. I was dead, and I live; I was blind, and I see; I was a slave, and I am free; I was an enemy of God, and I love Him. Prayer, the Bible, the society of Christians—these were to me a source of profound ennui; while now it is the pleasures of the world that are a weariness to me, and piety is the source of all my joy. Behold the miracle! and if God has been able to work that one, there are none of which He is not capable."

Money for War, and for Missions.

The Spanish war cost this country \$300,000,000, besides the loss of 2,500 lives in battle and by disease. Admiral Dewey's expenditures in powder and shell to sink the Spanish fleet at Manila, according to his own official report, was about \$45,000. The cost of the same item in disposing of Admiral Cervera's fleet off Santiago is between \$90,000 and \$100,000.

Mission work costs very little money. According to a statement prepared by Rev. Josiah Strong, the missionary societies of the United States, Great Britain, Continental Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia number 259, with 4,694 stations and 15,200 out stations. There are 11,695 missionaries, 65,000 native workers and about a million and a

quarter communicants. The income from all these countries approximates \$13,000,000.

Missionaries for Porto Rico.

We earnestly hope that several converted priests will be able soon to go to Porto Rico as Christian missionaries. If the debt on Christ's Mission had been paid, the interest on the mortgage would support a missionary there for the first year. Such a man as Father Lambert, a preacher and missionary of wide experience in the Roman Catholic Church, now truly converted to Christ and devoted to His cause, would be a powerful factor in uplifting the Porto-Ricans to the standard of our American civilization. No man whom President McKinley could send down there would do more good than Father Lambert. But he can go only as an ambassador of Christ, and civil governments, as some one has remarked, have no official relations with heaven. The missionaries in Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippine Islands must be supported by Christian people. Other converted priests who have come to Christ's Mission are now preparing to go to those Roman Catholic countries which the Lord has brought under our protection. Father Ferrando is now in Porto Rico.

The Converted Catholic for 1899.

The fascinating "Story of the Huguenots" by Miss Wells, of Germantown, Pa., will be continued in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for 1899. A synopsis of the preceding chapters appears on the second page of the cover. Reference is made there also to the important work on Monasteries which we begin this month, and which will be continued next year. The picture of St. Paul of the Cross on p. 372, exhibits the monk with the smug face making traffic of the crucifix. Other pictures of monks will appear during 1899.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF CHRIST.

BY NEWMAN HALL, D. D., AUTHOR OF "COME TO JESUS."

WHATEVER is said of human souls who may have been or will be taken to glory without dying is true of those whose bodies have been laid in the grave. Moses, no less than Elias, appeared to the disciples with Jesus in glory. What may we infer is the present heaven of departed souls?

They are consciously alive. These two had not ceased to exist. They were not asleep in unconsciousness. They were conversing together with Jesus. We sometimes speak of the dead as if no longer alive in any sense. They are "no more," they are "in the grave," they lie in yonder churchyard. When we hear their last sigh, and the dear hand no longer responds to our grasp and the light of the eye is quenched, it is natural to think our beloved one has ceased to be. But the life they had in Christ, like His own life, remains—they are more alive than ever! If we had been with Elijah when he was caught up to heaven we should not have gone home grieving, drawing down the curtains and abandoning ourselves to woe as if we had forever lost our friend. Neither shall we consider those whom Christ has taken to himself as dead. They, sharing death with Moses, share also continued life with Elias. Both "appeared in glory." There are higher degrees of glory, ever advancing with everlasting existence. But there is a glory immediately following death. The glory of the calm after storm, of rest after toil, of crown after conflict. Death does not deprive of this but rather is the instrument of conferring it. Let us not, then, contemplate those we have lost as invested with the gloom and the corruption of the grave, but with the splendors and beauties of heaven, the glory of Christ himself.

These two were visible on a mountain of the same earthly region to which they belonged when alive. Elijah had witnessed for God in the neighborhood of it—had perhaps worshiped upon it—and Moses had seen it afar off. May it not be possible that departed spirits may sometimes revisit earthly scenes—may sometimes be near us as "ministering spirits," as near us as Moses and Elijah were to Peter, James and John? Have we not sometimes been almost conscious of their visits? If angels are near us, why not saints? And is such nearness not limited to saints in their glorified bodies, but shared by saints whose bodies are in the grave? The possibility of such work may be some element in the joy of heaven.

The two glorified visitants were together. This could not have been while they were alive. Then five hundred years divided them. God has different works for different servants, in different ages and in distant places. We sometimes wish we could grasp the hands of saints of other days—of whom we read, whose hymns we sing. In heaven no barriers of time or place separate the children of God. Abel and Stephen, Abraham and Paul, David and Peter, hold sweet communion yonder. And this will commence with the new life we call death, even as Moses was in company of Elijah. Such bliss is as near as death, and this is as much heaven as we could bear all at once!

Of course there is recognition. These two were not unnamed generic representatives of heaven, but absolutely two individuals, with their distinctive names and personalities. All have one likeness to Christ, but all have their peculiar varieties of feature and character.

What joy will it be when, cleansed from all faults and infirmities, we shall greet again those we loved here, to enjoy the perfect communion of the saints made perfect! We wish we had been with the three disciples to enjoy the company of the two saints even for so brief an hour. We also shall meet Moses and Elias. And what will at first yield still greater bliss, we shall join the beloved ones known during the present life. We shall greet them, be greeted by them. They are "not lost, but gone before."

Best of all, Moses, the buried one, equally with Elijah, the translated one, was with Jesus. This is the climax of the believer's hope. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." "We shall be like Him, seeing Him as He is." They at whose grave we weep are not down there in the dark and damp cavern or clay, but in the immediate presence of the Lord of glory. We may weep ourselves for awhile, because deprived of their visible presence, but we should rejoice for them as much as if they had been translated like Elijah. They are still alive, are conscious, in glory, together with dear ones gone before, with all the saints, with Jesus himself, which is far better, sharing with Moses the heaven of Elijah.

But how to get there? Fitness pervades the universe—plants for the soil, animals for the element in which they live. Likeness and sympathy are needed for enjoyment of society. We must be made "meet" for their inheritance if we would share with the "saints in light." We may not share the lofty endowments of Moses and Elijah, but we must resemble them in the dominant feature of their character—absolute surrender to God—Moses when he forsook the palace of Egypt for the afflictions of the children of God—Elijah when he appeared to them—"How long halt ye between two opinions?"

We may think of these two in another aspect. They represent the Old Testament. This was designated as "the law and the prophets." Moses represented the law, Elijah the prophets, Christ for himself the New Testament. He was charged with opposing the former dispensation. But His presence in friendly converse with them was emphatic testimony of the harmony between law and Gospel. Draw near and listen to their conversation. Was it about recent events in heaven, or about the grand reception awaiting His return to His throne? No—it was concerning the death He was to die! Strange that the glory of Tabor should suggest the gloom of Calvary—the presence of those raptured saints, the hateful mob of murderers! Yet there was no theme so attractive to the three. It was the event to which by type and prediction the lawgiver and the prophets had borne constant witness. It was the act of atoning sacrifice to which they owed the ages of bliss they had enjoyed. What other theme so near their hearts? And with Christ—was not His death at Jerusalem the great sacrifice He had come to offer? This was constantly before Him. Of this He often spoke to His disciples. He was eager for its fulfillment. "How am I straitened till it be accomplished!" No wonder they should speak of the decease to be accomplished at Jerusalem!

Here our second question is answered—how to get to heaven, which is so near. By acceptance of that atonement. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. With this as our ground of acceptance with God, our title of admission and the renewal of our hearts by the Holy Ghost as our certificate of fitness, we may have confidence to enter the gate of heaven when we die and "not be ashamed before Christ at His coming."

CHRIST'S MISSION DEBT.

NOW ONLY \$4,000.

THE Editor of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC and Pastor of Christ's Mission has entered upon his twentieth year of evangelistic work in New York City. That work has been so engrossing in its nature that he has not had time or leisure to go about the country explaining its purpose to churches or Christian people. He has kept steadily at work in the city, and the results have justified the course he has pursued. A commodious building has been secured, estimated to be worth \$30,000. The property is held by a Board of Trustees, Christian business men of various denominations, and is incorporated according to the laws of the State of New York, like other religious organizations. Thus it cannot be diverted from the religious purpose for which it was organized.

During the years of labor in this work much good has been accomplished in a very difficult field. The Gospel of the grace of God, free to all, has been preached, and many souls have been converted. This is especially true of Roman Catholics, priests and people. The large number of priests who have been welcomed to Christ's Mission and who have found there the simplicity of the religion of Christ and accepted it in the fullness of the evangelical faith, can testify to its usefulness in the field of missionary work in our country.

Many of those converted priests are now ministers of Christ in various churches at home and in foreign fields. One of the latter, Rev. Manuel Ferrando, a Spanish priest who came to Christ's Mission in May 1895, and afterward studied in Princeton and Union Theological Seminaries, and then went to Venezuela, is now in Porto

Rico, the first Protestant missionary to enter our newly acquired Spanish territory. Don Ferrando announced his arrival in his chosen field of work for the Master in the following letter:

PONCE, PORTO RICO, }
October 9, 1898. }

My Dear Mr. O'Connor:

I take pleasure in writing to you from this new American country, which is open to the Gospel since it came into the possession of our brave heroes. I am the first missionary that has opened Protestant services here. It is true that there is an Episcopal church here for the English, but I have the honor of being the first American missionary on the Island.

I have been visiting several families here, and I am glad to inform you that this is a country where the Gospel will be appreciated and spread rapidly.

I have a large room for a chapel where we hold meetings every evening, and our only difficulty now is to get seats enough for the people.

I have had a very interesting conversation with a priest, which I will relate in my next letter.

Please send me your magazine, THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC, which I appreciate very highly. My address is Ponce, Porto Rico.

Yours very truly,

MANUEL FERRANDO.

Another converted priest, the Rev. A. Lambert, who was a distinguished member of the Redemptorist Order, and who came to Christ's Mission in 1894 while he was conducting a great mission or revival in the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Brooklyn, N. Y., is also ready to go to Porto Rico. For the last three years he has been a minister of the Wesleyan Church in Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies, but while most successful in his work as pastor of one of the largest churches in Jamaica, his heart is with the people for whom he labored



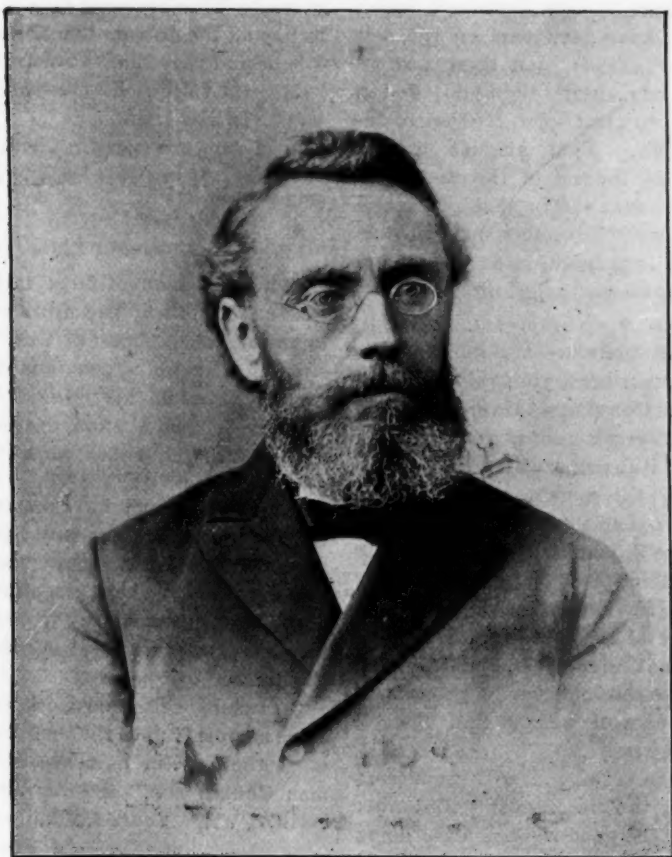
CHRIST'S MISSION,
142 West Twenty-first, Street, New York.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR, Pastor.

as a priest for twenty-one years, and for whose evangelization he now wishes to make a great sacrifice.

Those gentlemen go to Porto Rico

with the spirit of Christ in their heart to win the deluded victims of Spanish cruelty and of Rome's false religion to a high conception of American citizen-



REV. JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

ship and the truths of Christianity. Other converted priests, some of whom are now guests of Christ's Mission, are preparing to go to Cuba and the Philippine Islands to take part in the work of education and spiritual enlightenment which the inhabitants of those countries that have been given to our Nation by the hand of Almighty God, so greatly need.

The work of Christ's Mission is far reaching. It gives the Gospel to those who know not Christ in our own country, and to those who in other lands have been cruelly oppressed and defrauded of God's promises by the Church of Rome. After twenty years of labor the Mission is established on a permanent basis. It needs and asks for the support of all Christians who under-

stand its aims and purposes. At this time the best way to sustain the Mission is to pay off the balance of the debt that hangs like an ugly cloud that would keep the sunshine from the hearts of the workers. Four thousand dollars (\$4,000) have been paid on the debt this year (1898), and there now remains only four thousand dollars (\$4,000) to clear the Mission of the entire debt. That amount will be received by the end of the year, yea, the whole debt will be paid by Thanksgiving Day (November 24), if other Christian friends will be as generous as the lady who writes the following letter:

Rev. James A. O'Connor.

DEAR BROTHER:—My husband has been a subscriber to your valuable magazine, *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, for a number of years, and as I was reading a copy of it the other day, I noticed that there is still a debt on the Mission building of four thousand dollars.

Now as I would like very much to do something to relieve you of that burden I have thought of a plan by which all of the debt could be paid by next Thanksgiving Day, and Christ's Mission be thus enabled to go on with its glorious work without that obstacle to its progress.

The plan is this: I will promise to give fifty dollars if seventy-nine other friends of the good work you are doing will each give a like amount before the end of the year. But if fifty dollars be too much for some persons to give individually, they could get others to help them to make up that amount. A little canvassing among their friends would do the work, and a blessed work it would be for them.

Surely there are many who would be willing to give a Thanks-offering this year. We all have so much to be thankful for, especially that the war is over, and that this country has come off victorious.

Now if this plan that I have taken the liberty to suggest should meet with your approval, you had better make an earnest appeal in *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* for the entire amount to be given by Thanksgiving Day if possible to pay off the debt on the Mission; and I hope and pray that this may be done.

May the Lord richly bless and protect you. In His Name,

I am your sister in Christ,

MRS. M. J. MCCLELLAN.

October 20, 1898.

A business man of large interests in Massachusetts who had previously contributed to the support of Christ's Mission, in sending a generous donation recently, said in his letter: "Accept this as a contribution to meet the expenses of the noble work you are doing.

"The facts which have been brought to light by the late war with Spain verify and emphasize the many statements and warnings you have given the public both in your sermons and in your valuable publication, *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*.

"Trusting this good work may continue to prosper until the time shall come when the baneful influence of the Roman Church shall be swept from the earth, I am, Yours faithfully

By united efforts the work can continue. The payment of the debt on Christ's Mission is now left to the kindness and generosity of the Christian friends who sympathize with and endorse the work it is doing.

Contributions can be sent to the President of the Board of Trustees, James B. Gillie Esq., 90 Convent Ave., New York; to the Treasurer, or to the Pastor of the Mission, Rev. James A. O'Connor, No. 142 West Twenty-first street, New York.

STRONG AS DEATH.—A STORY OF THE HUGUENOTS

BY ELIZABETH ARROTT WELLS, AUTHOR OF "ST. ULRICH,"

"LOYAL TO THE KING," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

My times are in Thy hand,
Thou shalt for me arrange;
And I will trust Thy care,
Should things seem dark and strange.
Thou knowest what is best,
And Thou dost love me well,
So leave I all with thee,
Though none Thy ways can tell.

—Charlotte Murray.

AS though conscious of Lady Isabel's intention, Marie eluded all her efforts to secure a private interview.

When evening arrived the lady was passing the chapel door, when a low sob broke the silence within. The next moment Marie found herself in the arms of her friend, resting upon the breast where all her childish sorrows had been sobbed away.

Very tenderly Lady Isabel sought to soothe her passionate grief.

"It is very sweet, my darling," she finally whispered, "to have you once more in your old resting-place. Oh, that we might ever remain so closely united. Shall it not be so, dear heart?"

Yet no response escaped Marie, only her slight form trembled violently.

A quick resolve was taken.

Clasping her still more closely, Lady Isabel again spoke.

"Listen, my dear one," she pleaded, "while I repeat a little of my own life's story. Never before has it passed my lips. My life, my dear child, has been darkened by the very shadow now resting on yours! Your mother was my dearest friend. My beloved Elizabeth! How well I remember when first we met in yonder convent. Most truly I loved my dear father whom I scarcely knew, but it was chiefly for his love towards me. Every day that I passed with Elizabeth de Broen I saw

more to love and admire in her noble character. My first grief was her departure from the convent, preceding my own by several years. Suddenly our correspondence ceased and I was forbidden even to mention her name. Yet she ever remained my ideal of all that was noble and pure and beautiful. When I left the convent it was with the brightest anticipations of our meeting again. My father's return being unexpectedly delayed I persuaded my aunt, the Lady Eleanor, to take me to Nismes, my Elizabeth's native city."

Here the speaker paused, overpowered by sad memories.

"Did you see her Aimee?" Marie's interest could be no longer restrained.

"Yes, dear, we met quite unexpectedly. Our joy was complete. My friend was the same noble soul whom I had never ceased to love. In a few moments we parted, but a meeting-place had been appointed." Again Lady Isabel paused.

"Oh, my darling," she began once more, "can I tell you all? Ah, yes I must! We met again, but it was only to be parted forever. Imagine my horror when I found that I had brought dire misfortune upon my beloved friend. There was no time for explanation, but methinks the light then shining from her beautiful eyes was a reflection from her Lord's when He cried, 'Father forgive them. They know not what they do!'"

Marie essayed to speak, but finding it impossible, she drew Lady Isabel's face close to her own and kissed her again and again.

Just here a stealthy tread was heard, and next the stern voice of Father Jerome!

"What means this unseemingly conduct?" and then as Lady Isabel was about to speak, he pointed to the door, saying, "Leave Marie with me and await me in yonder room."

It were indeed useless to disobey, and sadly she left the chapel, overpowered by the thought that Marie and herself were now parted forever!

"Forever!" as this word with all its terrible import fell upon her, a cry of agony arose to heaven; but as she hastened onward it seemed as if an angel messenger came to comfort her. "Be not afraid. All things are possible to him that believeth!" were the words breathed into her aching heart from the One mighty to save.

Like a drowning man she seized the promise, crying, "Lord I believe, help Thou mine unbelief!"

Instantly there came a thought which turned her steps towards Marie's chamber. Securing the door she drew forth the little Testament of Paul Arnaud.

"Yes, it is just the size of Marie's Breviary. Thank God for that!" Her eyes shine brightly as she takes a page from the Testament and fits it carefully within the Breviary.

"And now, dear Lord," she murmurs, "I leave it all with Thee. May this sweet comfort reach my darling ere it be too late! For Thine own Name's sake, dear Lord, grant this, my heart's request!"

As she left the little room she felt that her petition had already reached the court of heaven and found favor with the King.

"This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us," and He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

In the corridor Antoine met her.

"Go to Father Augustine, dear lady," he whispered; "he will tell you

all. I must haste away. The enemy is here and his every movement must be observed."

With a sweet smile Lady Isabel assented and soon reached Father Augustine.

"My daughter," he said, "I must speak quickly. Father Jerome reached the village this afternoon. Gaspard overheard him telling Father Vincent that all heretics were to be immediately arrested. A band of soldiers is approaching, rendering escape impossible. All the village has been summoned to the chapel this evening to meet Father Jerome. Antoine has informed Adrien. Wait for the signal named by Antoine and immediately repair to my chamber. Bring all your jewels. The danger is imminent. There must be no delay after the signal.

Now she fully realized her peril and a strange light leaped into her eyes as she made answer.

"Dear friend," she said, "I do not fear. Hath He not promised 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' His 'perfect love casteth out fear.'"

"Thank God that you realize it!" The priest's voice trembled as he spoke, for he knew only too well what the gentle lady might be called to endure.

In a few words Lady Isabel recounted her interview with Marie and her subsequent action. A word of prayer and they parted.

Her next visit was to Adrien.

"Well, Aimee!" he cried as soon as she appeared, "the hour of trial draws near! We will meet it bravely, our eyes on Him for whom we gladly suffer the loss of all things."

"Yes, suffer the loss of all things, even of life itself," the lady answered quietly. "At first I too rejoiced that the hour had arrived for confessing my new found joy. But another thought has come. The Lord has opened a way of escape. Should it be refused? Per-

haps He has work for us, in some other land; or should we be discovered, let us still be well content. Only let us pray, may His will not ours be done!"

She waited for Adrien's reply, but he was silent.

It was such a glorious thing to suffer boldly for his King! But to hide away, perhaps to be ignominiously dragged forth to die! This thought was a very bitter one to the young soldier. Could he consent?

"His will not ours be done!" again the soft whisper fell from Lady Isabel's lips. This time she waited not in vain.

"Yes Aimee, I see," he slowly answered. "A true soldier is both willing and obedient. The King's orders alone must be considered. I consent!"

"And he knows it all, dear Adrien," she said tenderly. "It is still for His sake! But who comes?"

A heavy step resounded along the corridor and all unannounced Father Jerome entered.

"You seem fond of private converse, my lady, but I must again prove an interruption;" he smiled disagreeably. With the troops so near he had no fear of losing his prey. "I must request that you leave this protegee also to my care. An important duty soon calls me to the village, so my conversation with your ladyship must be postponed;" he pointed to the door.

"Certainly, Father Jerome," Lady Isabel replied with dignity, "your wish shall be granted." And with one long farewell look towards Adrien she left them together.

In the dark corridor, she was startled by a whisper from Antoine. "My Lady," he said hurriedly; "all night sit at your window. Watch the glimmer which falls upon the eastern wall. Should it disappear go instantly to the place you know of. M. Adrien shall

also be warned. Go forward now, dear lady, and I will follow alone. Remember your gems."

Without a word Lady Isabel hastened to her post. There she was met by Ursule with the words, "Mlle. Marie sleeps, my lady. She bade me say she was weary. In the morning she will see you."

Before she could be questioned Ursule was gone.

Locking the door, Lady Isabel proceeded to follow Antoine's last injunction. How many years had elapsed since her jewels had left their casket! She well remembered when first she beheld them; her aunt, the Lady Eleanor having indulged her with the sight when chafing impatiently at her father's prolonged absence.

Then when her great sorrow had come, the jewels were laid safely away—a legacy to Our Lady Chapel of Beaumont.

How different now was to be their destiny!

Pouring the glittering treasures into a silken bag, she began her watch.

It was a clear star-lit night, yet the reflection on the distant wall was perfectly discernible, and there it had shone steadily ever since her mother's death. For many years it had been her special duty to see that these lights before her mother's tomb were faithfully replenished; and how often, as she had caught sight of their weird glimmer, her prayers had arisen for the repose of her mother's soul.

To-night as she watched it her heart again arose in prayer—pleading for the merciless foes who sought her ruin.

And now her eyes catch sight of lights moving slowly up the castle road. They come nearer and she discerns the military band. She glances towards the wall. The light has gone! Her hour has come.

Springing to her feet she goes softly and opens Marie's door. The room is empty. A flash of intelligence and she seeks eagerly for the well worn Breviary. It too is gone! Thank the Lord for that! No time must be lost, however, and Lady Isabel locks her door, drops the key into her bag and speeds towards Father Augustine's chamber. She reaches it, just as the soldiers enter the castle.

"Adrien!" she cried as she entered the room, but he was not there. The aged priest tenderly clasped her hand. "Doubtless he will soon arrive, but you, dear child, must not await him here."

He pointed solemnly to the secret door.

"Every moment is precious," he repeated as she still lingered.

"And you dear Father?"

His face was calm and joyous.

"Heaven, my daughter, seems strangely near to night. Methinks I almost see the face of Him we love. Think of me with neither fear nor sadness."

Looking into that glowing countenance Lady Isabel could plead no more.

"Your blessing, Father, ere I leave you!" and as she bowed before him it was freely given.

"Into Thy hands, dear Lord I commit this child. May Thy richest blessings rest upon her. The choice I leave with Thee. In life or death we only ask, may Thy sweet will be done!" He ceased and a low assent came from the lady's heart.

Then pressing the aged hand to her lips, she stood silent, ready to descend.

Glancing into the gloomy depth she hesitated; then with a bright smile she turned to Father Augustine and whispering "*Au revoir*," and pointed heavenward.

The next moment she disappeared from view.

The way before her proved long and dreary, winding quite around the castle.

Ever descending, yet never reaching her journey's end, she finally grew faint, her breathing quick and painful.

Feeling that she could no longer endure the deadly atmosphere, she made one last struggle onward and found she had reached her goal.

Staggering into the little chamber she succeeded in securing the heavy door and then lost all consciousness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Raffle for Souls in Mexico.

The Rev. F. S. Borton, a missionary in Mexico, has issued the following leaflet:

Recently in a Roman Catholic church in Mexico I read the following notice:

"*Raffle for Souls*.—At the last raffle for souls the following numbers obtained the prize, and the lucky holders may be assured that their loved ones are forever released from the flames of purgatory.

"*Ticket 841*.—The soul of the lawyer, James Vasquey, is released from purgatory, and ushered into heavenly joys.

"*Ticket 41*.—The soul of Madame Calderon is made happy forever.

"*Ticket 762*.—The soul of the aged widow Francisca de Parras is forever released from the flames of purgatory.

"Another raffle for souls will be held at this same blessed church of the Redeemer on January 1, at which four bleeding and tortured souls will be released from purgatory to heaven, according to the four highest tickets in this most holy lottery. Tickets one dollar. To be had of the father in charge. Will you, for the poor sum of one dollar, leave your dear ones to burn in purgatory forever?"

The New York *Independent*, which is so often favorable to Rome, was horrified by this "raffle" and called upon the Roman authorities to denounce it. But they have not done so. No wonder that Bishop Camacho should leave that Church.

FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.

FIFTH SERIES.

VI.

NEW YORK, December, 1898.

SIR:—The noble utterance of our President, William McKinley, at the Omaha Exposition, which I quoted in my last letter to you, embodied the consciousness of the American people that the Lord God Almighty had used this Nation for His own glorious purpose in chastising Spain for her crimes against Him and her cruelty to the human beings who were subject to her rule. In like manner I believe He will punish your Church for misleading the people who by fraud and deception are deprived of the blessings that should be the portion of every one who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Redeemer, and worships Him in spirit and in truth. The Lord waited hundreds of years to avenge the Inquisition and other diabolical cruelties of Spain. His time will come to deal with your Church in like manner. It may not be in your day or mine, but as surely as He shall reign from sea to sea, in His own good time, the people who seek to do His will and are hampered and baffled by your commandments and traditions, your sacraments and superstitions, will hear His voice calling them to "come out of her, My people;" and they will turn upon that system that has kept them from the full enjoyment of the Christian religion.

It was Roman Catholics, in the sixteenth century, who inaugurated the Reformation that broke your organization in pieces; and they will be the instruments of Almighty God in the final destruction of your Church.

It was Roman Catholic Italians, led by General Garibaldi, thirty years ago, who destroyed the temporal power of the Pope, and they will be ready again to do the work of God when the time comes.

It was Roman Catholics of the present day who in Cuba and the Philippine Islands rose up against Spanish rule, and in the case of the Filipinos murdered the priests and destroyed the monasteries and churches. Only a few months ago the Pope had to appeal to our Government, even to President McKinley himself, for protection against his own followers in those Eastern Islands.

You meet with Catholics in all countries who are openly hostile to your Church, who are working against it because it has failed in the work which the Father set before His Son in the establishment of His Church—the salvation of souls and the uplifting of humanity. Those dissatisfied Catholics are more numerous in our Republic than in any other country. Miss M. T. Elder, a Roman Catholic, and the niece of Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, has proved by statistics that 20,000,000 Catholics have been "lost" to the Church of their fathers in the United States in the last sixty years. The "loss" continues in increasing numbers, and will grow larger in proportion as the people become intelligent. The civil and religious freedom guaranteed to all who live under the American Flag, and the superiority of our institutions and form of government which has been

demonstrated before the world, as President McKinley said, are the factors that are leading the Catholic people in the United States to withdraw from your Church and your system of religion.

The question for American Christians is, how to save those who lose faith in your Church from the infidelity that has taken possession of all intelligent minds in Roman Catholic countries? The various Protestant churches and missionary societies are doing a glorious work in reaching all classes in our country with the sweet influences of Christianity and bringing them into the fold of Christ, and, thank God, many Catholics are converted by these agencies. But the churches do not specially invite them, and many, therefore, are lost to all faith in religion. There is danger to our country from this class of "lost," or rather, neglected Catholics.

Romanism has not only failed to lift up the people in those countries which are distinctively Catholic, but it has been a disturbing element everywhere. Even in Protestant countries where full liberty is granted to the Roman religion the power of that Church is arrayed against them. The influence of Rome is always against Protestant nations. This was the case in our recent war with Spain; and England is having the same experience.

The war which recently threatened to break out between England and France over the Nile territory in Africa, is a case in point. France, torn by internal dissensions originating in the army which is honeycombed with Jesuitism that caused the persecution of Dreyfus, would be ruined by such a war, which would be more disastrous than that which Germany waged against her a generation ago. But the sympathy of Rome and her followers was with France.

Cardinal Vaughan in England, speaking for Pope Leo XIII., in a circular to his clergy the last week in October, said: "No one can measure the extent or gravity of the calamity which would befall Christendom and the salvation of souls were war to break out between England and France."

The salvation of souls that would be imperilled, according to your brother cardinal, could apply only to Roman Catholics, who are never sure of their salvation as Protestant Christians are. The result of the war would be similar to our recent contest with Spain, and the French, like the Spaniards, would have learnt the lesson that Romanism does not make men capable of achieving great deeds on earth, or securing salvation by faith in Christ in the life everlasting. France, defeated by England, would welcome Protestantism, which has made every country that has received it great and powerful. That is what Cardinal Vaughan dreaded.

Poor, unfortunate Catholic Ireland has shown that she would be on the side of Catholic France in such a war. The London comic paper, *Punch*, published a cartoon on the Anglo-French difficulty depicting John Bull threatening a French organ-grinder who does not depart when ordered.

"Go away! Go away!" says John Bull.

"Eh? What you give me if I go?" asks the organ-grinder.

"I'll give you something if you don't," says John.

An Irish Catholic who saw this cartoon displayed in the office of *Punch* broke the window, shouting, "Vive la France," and was arrested. When brought before a magistrate on Oct. 21 he was asked if he was a Frenchman.

"No," said he. "I am an Irishman. Had I been a Frenchman I would have blown down the place."

The same day, William Redmond, Parnellite member of Parliament, addressing a home-rule meeting in Dublin, said, "The sympathies of Irishmen are with France."

In Catholic Canada the same hostility to Protestant England is shown. A dispatch from Montreal dated October 24, said: "The serious aspect of the war outlook between England and France has set people in Canada, and particularly in the province of Quebec, talking seriously about the result which a declaration of war over the Fashoda affair would have here, and there is no doubt that it would create considerable trouble in Canada."

"In the province of Quebec, which has a population of about 1,488,000 people, 1,000,000 are French-Canadians. In Montreal alone of a population of 339,000, 235,000 at least are French-Canadians, over whom the French-Canadian Catholic priests have great control."

"A most significant sign in connection with this matter is the utterances to-day of the government paper, *La Patrie*. This paper is the personal organ of the Hon. Mr. Tarte, and is owned and published by his two sons. Tarte is the Dominion Minister of Public Works and the most powerful man in the Cabinet, besides being a close friend of the Liberal French-Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier."

"The paper frankly intimates that in case of war the French-Canadians cannot be relied upon to take the part of the English. 'A war between England and France would be most disastrous in general,' it says, 'but particularly so for Canada, for it is well to remember that although we are subjects of the empire, we are also Frenchmen, and cherish a filial love for our mother country.'"

There was a time, Cardinal, when it was the hope of the Pope to see all Europe embroiled in war, and he would be appealed to as the great arbitrator. In such a contingency he expected his temporal power would be restored, at least that part of it which comprises the City of Rome. The Jesuits, the Pope's masters, still hope for such a war with such a result, but I believe a change has come over the spirit of the dream of Leo XIII., and that our war with Spain has opened his eyes to the vanity of his hopes of regaining his kingly power by a universal slaughter of human beings. His predecessor, Pius IX., appealed to the arbitrament of the sword in defence of the temporal power, but it was wrested from him by his own Italian Catholics. If there should be a general war in the near future the Jesuit party in the Roman Church would introduce the religious element. But with England and the United States joined hand in hand for the good of mankind, the result would be the beginning of the end of the Roman Church as a political organization.

Passing from the consideration of these topics, which are painful to all Christians who as followers of the Prince of Peace dislike war and love only what He loves, I would call your attention to a letter I received a few days ago from one of the Paulists who was converted at our Christ's Mission two years ago, and is now a Baptist missionary in Mexico. He was esteemed by the Paulist Fathers as one of their most valuable men. You

know their work in life is to "convert Protestants," but this member of their community is now engaged in the more laudable work of converting Catholics. This gentleman, Rev. James T. McGovern, out of the fulness of a heart truly converted to Christ writes as follows:

CALLE 4a HILLAGO NUM. 818 }
CITY OF MEXICO, MEXICO, October 28th, 1898. }

Rev. James A. O'Connor:

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER :—I am in receipt of all the numbers of your magazine, *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*. Words are inadequate to express the joy that fills my heart when I read its pages. Your letters to Cardinal Gibbons are splendid. I hope he will read them carefully. I am so glad that Mgr. Leon Bouland has set his face in the direction of Cuba.

I wish I knew the Paulist priest who is now seeking the light and truth of God. He seems to think a good deal of me. I hope he will have his doubts solved. If he leaves it to the spirit of God we need not fear for him. May the Holy Ghost direct him in the way everlasting for His name's sake. How I long to have a line from you! Although I judge from the magazine that you are feeling well, I should like to have a personal letter.

Well, my dear brother, now a word about myself. Our senior pastor, Rev. Dr. Sloan, has taken a three months vacation, and during his absence I shall do all the preaching. We have three out missions where I shall have to preach at least once a week. Besides the preaching I have the care of the Sabbath-school, the over-sight of our paper, *La Luz*, and of a Spanish Concordance of the Bible which Dr. Sloan is preparing. He has been seven years working on the Concordance, and it is a great work. You will be pleased to learn that I am making progress in the Castilian tongue. The people like my preaching, and are delighted at my rapid progress. My knowledge of Latin and French—the only useful branches of learning I acquired while with the Paulists—has helped me in Spanish.

By the way, my first article that appeared in *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* has been translated into Spanish and is published in a paper edited by a Quaker. He is the nephew of one of the most prominent Roman Catholic Bishops of Mexico. The paper is called *El Catolico Convertido*, (The Converted Catholic). Brother Sloan thought well of the article, and the arguments strong. It will appear in two numbers of *La Luz*.

There is now a great field opened to Christ's Mission, and you have reason to rejoice in the Lord. How I would like to know that you could send some converted priests to our newly acquired lands.

I wish you would take a vacation and come down to Mexico. The trip would do you so much good after the many trials you have endured.

May the richest blessings of Almighty God rest upon you and your noble self-sacrificing work. There is a great future for our cause.

Most respectfully yours, JAMES T. MCGOVERN.

In another letter Brother McGovern referred to the conversion of a Roman Catholic bishop in Mexico, Dr. E. Sanchez Camacho, of the diocese of Tamaulipas. I shall write to that bishop and invite him to Christ's Mission, where he will be cordially welcomed, like other priests who have withdrawn from your Church. More and more will come.

Yours truly, JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

LIFE IN ROMAN CATHOLIC MONASTERIES.

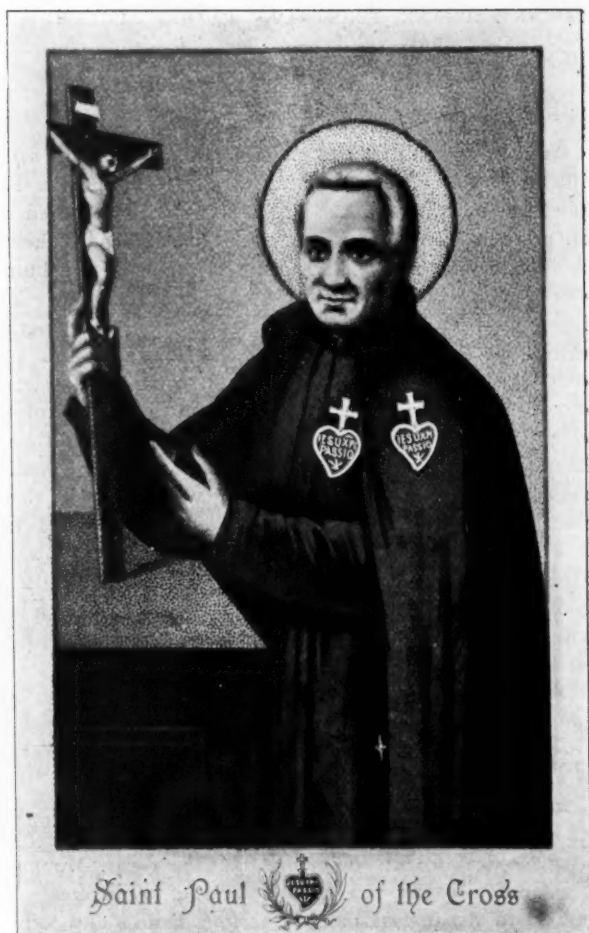
BY AUGUSTINE BAUMANN, FORMERLY "FATHER AUGUSTINE," OF THE
PASSIONIST MONASTERY, HOBOKEN, N. J.

CHAPTER I.

IT is extremely difficult for the general reader to obtain a clear idea of life in Roman Catholic Monasteries. The monks have been very rarely represented in a true light, being either lauded as angels by writers on their own side, or condemned as demons by their enemies. The truth is that the monks, like other members of the human race, are midway between both, neither too wicked, nor too good. They have there foibles, their defects and idiosyncracies like other mortals, these characteristics being more emphasized by their exalted profession. They profess to be a sort of angels in the flesh, and to be striving after perfection as their one aim in life; but as angelic creatures of the fleshy kind, and as men of ideal perfection, they present at all times a study of ideal interest. My best qualification to write about the monks is that I was a monk myself, and have spent nearly twelve years in the different monasteries, both in this country and in South America. I have worn the habit I describe, performed the practises I enumerate, absurd and foolish things to be mentioned in the ensuing chapters. The monk, like the devil of the Middle Ages, is now, to a great extent, a being that furnishes amusement—a unique, grotesque object endued with perennial interest on account of his many peculiar characteristics.

What then are monks? This is a question often put to me and which deserves an immediate answer. I might say that monks are prisoners and slaves to their own folly; that they do not take themselves seriously, or take God in the same way; that they are frauds, pious hypocrites, believers in strong drinks and long fasts, the drinking to be done by themselves and the fasting by proxy, when possible. In fact I might say anything paradoxical about the monks, and be right. Monks, and the monastic systems in vogue, are all a bundle of paradoxes. You find pious monks and debauched monks; serious monks and jolly monks; well kept, well groomed monks, and monks who know nothing about the toilet; monks who are angelic, others who are worldly, and others who are diabolic; monks who are friendly, kind and self-sacrificing to the poor, and monks who are snobbish and subservient only to the rich; monks who have been benefactors to the world, and monks who have been a curse to mankind.

History tells us of some good monks, such, for instance, as the good friar Perez, the prior of La Rapida, the convert which sheltered Columbus in the days of his struggle and misfortune; Las Casas, the great Dominican, who almost sacrificed his life for the poor Indians in Cuba and Hispaniola; and Jesuit fathers who sacrificed their lives among the Indians of our Northwest territory and in Canada. Among the monks who have been a curse to mankind it is enough to mention the whole



Paul Danei, the Founder of the Passionist Order, now known as St. Paul of the Cross, was born in Italy in 1694, died in 1775, and was canonized a "Saint" in 1852. This picture is for sale at the bookstore near the Passionsst Monastery, Hoboken. On the back of the picture is a prayer to the "Saint" in which are found the words, "eart" (earth), "dai" (day), "tee" (thee), "wich" (which), etc.

tribe of Dominicans in Spain who personally conducted the Inquisition, who forced Queen Isabella against her will and solemn promise to persecute the Moors and the Jews, and who burned thousands of "heretics" at the stake in spite of the protests of popes and cardinals. In fine, there are good monks and there are bad monks, with this difference, that the bad ones have often been in a majority, and that a bad monk is the more contemptible, and the more of a rascal, because his profession is to lead a sublime Christian life. He makes the world believe that he is an angel, whereas he may be the worst demon in creation.

But still this does not explain what a monk is. I shall therefore be more explicit. A monk is one who leaves his home, his family, his friends and acquaintances in the world, as so many obstacles to the salvation of his soul. At an age, varying between fifteen and twenty, he enters a monastery, bids adieu to the world and dons a grotesque habit and cowl, with the avowed purpose of being more kind, more loving, more charitable, more chaste, more patient, more benevolent, more submissive than ordinary Christians, and to give the world a bright example of self-sacrifice, of devotion, of prayer, of superior virtue and sanctity. Monks do not explain how it is, that, to be such a striking example of superior virtue to the world, they must fly from the world and cast a slur upon those whom they leave behind, declaring that their own brethren and sisters, their very fathers and mothers are a snare to them. This is one of the first inconsistencies and paradoxes of which the monks are guilty. In vaunting their chastity they do not seem to realize that they are casting slander on the chastity of a good mother, and in boasting of their poverty they do not take into account the toilings of their father to maintain them when they could only eat, sleep and drink in their childhood. The monk does not look upon things in this way; it is his custom to look at things in a way different from other people, and, whilst aspiring to great virtue, and extolling his profession, he really becomes convinced that he is a wonderfully virtuous human being, even though he may not be virtuous at all. However that may be, the monk is not at all distressed about his choice in life. He is content to believe that he has done a good thing to leave his family and go to a monastery, where prayer is his only work and the singing of psalms his only annoyance. He professes to be a close follower of Christ, and monks even say Christ instituted their system of life, though they find no evidence in the Scriptures that He ever built a monastery or went about collecting money for masses.

Monks and monasteries are not mentioned in the New Testament; but what of that? Many other things which the monks hold are not in the Bible, and many things which they believe have never been printed at all. The monk is content to put on his habit and cowl; to pass a year of probation; to be admitted to the community of his choice; to enjoy peace and quiet in some picturesque cloister; to profess much fasting and prayer—and to do very little of either; to make a vow of obedience to God and the Pope, and then to obey nobody. He belongs to a religious Order which boasts of its great orators, philosophers and divines in the past, and which has nothing but mediocre, ignorant, or stupid

members at present; which takes pride in its history of piety and sanctity, whilst no record has been kept of its thousands of useless, idle and good-for-nothing members, drones perhaps like himself, who have disgraced the Order. He concludes that his life is holy, because his rule is holy, and he does not take into account whether he practises his rule or not. Such is the average monk of a relaxed Order, and now-a-days nearly every Order is relaxed. I suppose now the general reader will be able to form a fair idea of the distinction between monks and other mortals.

The next question I have to answer is: What are religious Orders in the Roman Catholic Church? I admit that ostensibly some are benevolent institutions; some are indifferent organizations; some do not observe their own rules, and are demoralized; and some observe their rules so strictly as to make their monasteries akin to mad-houses. Technically they are to the body of the Roman Catholic Church what corporations are to a State. A religious Order in that light is an association of men or women, and sometimes of both, having its own laws and constitution subject to the general laws of the Church, and with a charter approved by the Pope. They are, therefore, strictly speaking, chartered religious establishments, with special rights, privileges and duties in the Roman Catholic organization, directly subject to the Pope.

The manner in which religious Orders are founded is peculiar. Some unexpected "saint" arises with the idea that he has a better system for educating youth, preaching the Gospel, tending the sick, upholding the Pope's authority, practising poverty, or any other earthly or unearthly virtue, and he forthwith asks some bishop to permit him to put it in practise, and to advertise for followers by going about ringing a bell, wearing some peculiar habit, or performing some religious trick. If he succeeds in getting a few dozen followers he makes the fact known to the bishop, or to the Pope, and applies for a bull, erecting his temporary society into a permanent association, with all the rights and privileges of the ancient religious Orders. This is how Orders are founded in modern times. The only inconvenience is to find a "saint." The Church has scarcely a "saint" now in a generation, and he is discovered only after his death. But somehow there is no want of new Orders. The ancient Orders were founded with more deliberation; the popes were not so quickly asked to issue their bulls, and they were born sometimes centuries before they received papal approval. The Order is usually kept together by a set of fixed rules for which the monks have more respect than for the Gospel. In the Passionist Order we had not only rules, but also a book of regulations, supplemented by a book of customs. The rules were directly approved by the Pope, the regulations had his indirect approval, and the book of customs had nobody's approval, and in consequence was disputed even by the man who had written it. Still it was, to a great extent, observed, and well observed, for it spoke at great length about the refectory, the number of dishes to be served, and the number of feasts. In this respect I admired the monk who wrote the book of customs more than the founder who wrote the severe general rules.

But the rules by themselves do not make the Order. This consists of a

number of members, large or small, according to the popularity of the institute. The superiors form the nucleus of an Order. They are usually selected for a term of years, or, in some cases, where very high offices are concerned, they are chosen for life. For the sake of systematic administration the whole Order is governed by the General.

A Province is usually formed in each country, when five or ten monasteries have been founded. Thus if ten houses are founded in England, ten in Spain and ten in France, the houses in each country are joined together into a Province, and a provincial Superior is chosen to administer the province. In his province, the provincial has nearly as much authority as the General Superior of the Order. A province is further divided into individual houses or monasteries, and each house or monastery has its immediate local superior, called Rector or Prior. The rector also has his vicar who takes his place during his absence.

The election of these officers takes place about every three years. The General is elected every six years, except in those Orders where he holds office for life. The elections usually cause considerable excitement among the monks. The younger members count how many years they have been in the Order, and calculate their chances of election to some petty office. In each house there is usually a leader, a sort of political boss, and he in a quiet, underhand way directs the sympathies of the brethren. Thus we find human nature the same everywhere, and political methods in their worst form working their way into religion.

Religious Orders in the Roman Catholic Church are composed of thousands of members, all professing to follow some particular rule of life (a rule which is regarded as specially holy and sacred), acknowledging a General Superior in Rome, and subject in all important matters to the Pope. An important matter, for instance, would be to change a vital prescription of the rule, or to transfer two thousand dollars from one monastery to another. Without the permission of the Pope, no property of the monasteries can be sold. A superior who would do such a thing in contravention of the canons (which means asking permission of the Pope) would be excommunicated and suspended from office. In fine, religious Orders are companies formed especially by the Pope for religious purposes, rigidly subject to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and supposed to furnish their members with extraordinary means and facilities to become saints after they are dead.

CHAPTER II.

It is now in order to say a few words about monasteries where monks spend their lives. A monastery is usually built in a secluded part of the country, or in the neighborhood of a suburban town. The plans provide at least for thirty or forty rooms, about ten by twelve feet, several large halls, set aside for recreation rooms, dining rooms and parlor, and also a kitchen, tailoring room and library. The chapel, or choir, is a separate building attached to one end of the monastery, or, when convenient, united near the centre. When the monks charged with supervising the building have aesthetic tastes and have plenty of funds on hand, they indulge in fine architecture, and the exterior forms a beautiful structure.

Some monasteries in Europe vie in splendor with princely palaces. Indeed a great many were built by kings and princes who, of course, were fond of architectural display.

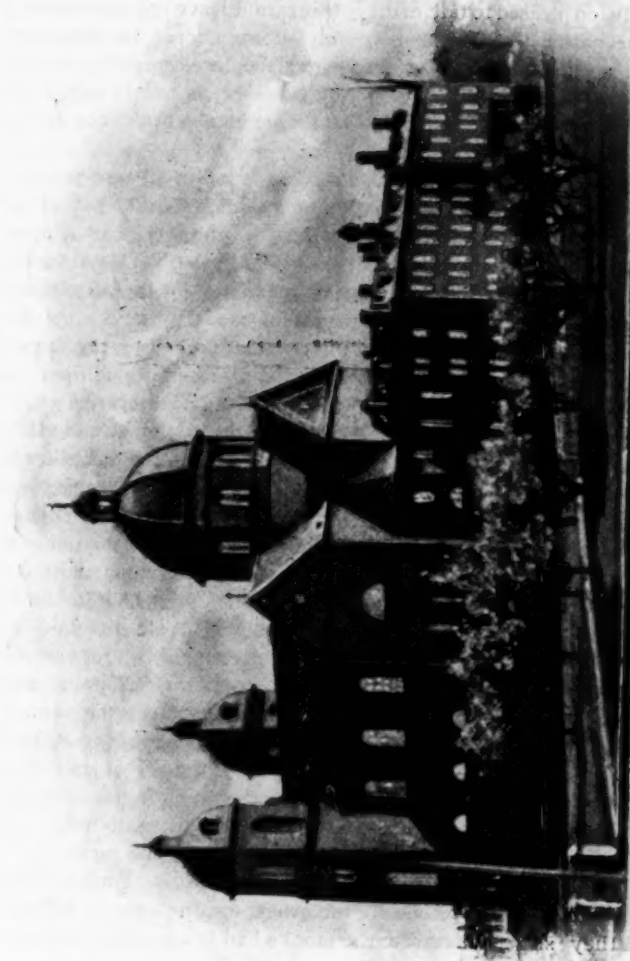
In this country monasteries have been rather plain in style. The monks had to beg alms everywhere, and in the beginning, their funds were not so extensive as in olden times. The four walls, about one hundred feet long and thirty feet wide, were quickly run up, almost as plain as the walls of factories, and with no architectural beauty to spare. Some of them even look as sombre and as dark as prisons, and life in them is not much better than prison life. What the building lacks in beauty is very often made up for by the splendid grounds surrounding the monastery. A hill is usually selected, and then the property is laid out into fine gardens and orchards, so that the monks really need not go to any public parks or walk very far to find a pleasant promenade. Some of the Benedictine abbeys are famous, even in this country, for the beauty of their grounds and location.

One of the most important parts of a monastery is the dining room, or refectory, as it is called in monastic parlance. It is generally as large as the recreation room, if not larger, and can accommodate twice the number of monks supposed to live in the monastery. The monks not only like to be at their ease when they dine, but also have public reading, and sometimes even a lecture, during their meals. In the old time abbeys the refectory was sumptuous in its appointments; the tables were of carved oak and the benches works of art.

The recreation room is also large and comfortable, supplied with plenty of chairs or benches, and often hung with artistic pictures. Among the modern Orders, where the rule is observed with strictness, both the refectory and recreation room are extremely plain, almost bare in their appointments. It may be more religious and be proof of a more austere spirit, but it is hardly so pleasant to live in these modern buildings where more is thought of the rule than the needs of human beings.

The choir is also an important place in every monastery. It is very often as large as the dining room and recreation hall combined. Here the monks are allowed, by custom, to indulge in any artistic taste they may have, and to adorn it with works and paintings of art. The benches, lecterns and bookstands for the breviaries are usually made of some fine wood, and are richly carved. As the choir was dedicated to the service of God, it was not considered worldly to lavish expense upon it. The monks are perfectly charming in the simplicity with which they consult their pleasure under the pretext of serving God, mortifying the body and exalting the mind. The churches and choirs built by them are, in many instances, the most magnificent works of art, beautifully carved, and elaborately designed, the workmanship often superior to the palaces of kings. The churches and choirs are supposed to be the exclusive property of God, but the enjoyment of those splendid edifices is left to the monks.

The parlor of a monastery is one of the most interesting parts of the building. Here is where the seculars, and especially the ladies who visit the monks, are received and entertained. The older monks know well



PASSIONISTS MONASTERY, WEST HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

where to meet their friends outside of the monastery, but the junior members have no place to see their fair admirers except in the parlor. It is not rare for a monk to spend several hours in the parlor in conversation with a lady friend. The conversation is usually supposed to be about spiritual matters, and an inexperienced monk really indulges in a little talk of that kind. But as experience grows the "holy father" is only too pleased to talk of other things and leave spiritual matters to God. The parlor, therefore, serves only as an excuse to those who want to have a quiet chat with ladies to whom they are especially beholden. (It is for this reason that some of the zealous saints called the parlor "devil's chapel." But for all that, some monks prefer the devil's chapel to God's church.)

The library is another large, important room found in all monasteries. In these libraries the monks often have some valuable books, but on the whole, the reading is not very attractive. Most of the works in a monastic library are lives of saints, the treatises of the Fathers of the Church, the dry and unintelligible disquisitions of mediæval doctors, and some Latin philosophical and theological works of modern times. As for heretical books, they are kept strictly under lock and key by the superiors, and only those who have a special dispensation are allowed to read them. In some famous monasteries of Europe great libraries exist, but the monks make very little use of them. In the Passionist monasteries, where I passed so many years, the junior members are not allowed access to the library at all, and must beg on their knees for any book they may wish to read. Not until one is ordained a priest do the superiors condescend to give one a key to the books. Experience has shown that literature is the most dangerous enemy of monks and monasticism.

It has been often remarked that in selecting sites on which to build their monasteries monks have generally shown good taste and had an eye to the picturesque. They are very fond of selecting a hill for a home. It gives a good view of the surrounding country, the air is purer and more agreeable than in the valleys, and if there is any breeze blowing in summer time the monks are sure to have the full benefit of it in their elevated positions. The Passionist monastery at Pittsburg is not only built on a hill, but one side of it is so close to the precipitous declivity that it would require only a slight jarring of the foundations to make the whole monastery slide down hill. Who has not heard of the great Benedictine abbeys in Europe? the Grande Chartreuse and the monastery on Mount St. Michael? These places are renowned for the beauty of their location, and they show what taste the monks had in choosing a site for their palatial homes.

There used to be an Order called Vallombrosa, because the monks had their first monastery in a beautiful shaded valley. The Benedictines generally build far out in the country where they can procure large and well wooded grounds on which to have not only pleasant walks, but also to raise their own meat, vegetables and vines. The Trappists also choose secluded places with large grounds attached for agricultural purposes. The Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites and others do not, as a rule, possess such large properties, but on the other hand they are nearer cities

where the ground is more valuable.

The Redemptorist Monastery at Ilchester, near Baltimore, Maryland, is one of the most beautifully located monasteries in the country. It is on a hill at the foot of which a wooded stream takes its winding course, and in spring or summer, when the woods are green and the flowers in bloom, the grounds at Ilchester are a paradise of beauty. Here the monks can lead an ideal life of ease and pleasure.

The great Jesuit Monastery at Woodstock, Maryland, is also beautifully located. The Jesuits do not like to be classed as monks, and technically they are not such, yet their rules and their life belong to the general characteristics of monastic Orders. The Benedictines on the other hand claim to be the only real monks in this country, the others being called such only by their connivance. They also call their monasteries abbeys, because they are ruled by an Abbot who is chosen for life. An Abbot has some of the minor powers of a bishop and is allowed to wear a crosier and a mitre. His monastery is looked upon as of greater importance than those ruled by a mere rector or prior. In fact there is considerable difference between a rectory, a priory, and an abbey, in canon law; but in the eyes of the public they are all alike, as they merely contain a number of generously proportioned friars.

The Passionist Monasteries have their own peculiarities. They are generally of moderate size, and built near some town or city, as they depend upon the alms of the faithful in the neighborhood for masses to maintain their establishments. The monastery in Hoboken, N. J., is well known in the neighborhood of New York, and it is also the largest Passionist Monastery in the country. I not only spent four years in it as a friar, but I was raised, when a boy, in the vicinity, so that I know every corner of it well. Certain silly people in Hoboken and in the neighborhood imagine that the monks have made special provision for nuns or other females inside their walls. This is a gratuitous assumption. Individual monks may be bad enough, but the Order is not immoral as such. It would be utterly impossible to keep up a religious Order long in such flagrant violation of decency and morality. The female "conservatories" which some people imagine are attached to monasteries are, in this country at least, only myths, originated by persons who know nothing about monasteries.

It is true that there are empty cells enough at times to shelter dozens of fair visitors, but no prudent monk would dream of bringing the woman whose beauty tempted him into the monastery. I know of only one such instance, and I do not care to relate it in detail. The friar in question belonged to a very relaxed community, in which each did as he liked, and every one from the prior down to the cook, should have been sent to jail. On the whole such indecency is not allowed, and if monks are immoral, they practice their immorality outside of the monasteries.

Certain monasteries are also noted for some particular event or relic. The great Passionist Monastery in Hoboken is noted as a place of pilgrimage for the Irish Catholic people of New York and vicinity. The church attached to it is an imposing structure, and crowds may be seen every day visiting the shrine of the "saints" kept in that monastery, and get-

ting the blessing of the fathers who are reported to work great cures. I did a little blessing of that kind myself after I was ordained, but I do not remember to have worked any miracles.

The Passionist Monastery in Rome, of the Santa Scala, is also a noted place, because in it is preserved the Holy Stairs which Christ is said to have ascended to the tribunal of Pilate. The Holy Stairs are venerated as great relics. The places are shown where the blood of Christ fell, the spots of blood are covered over with heavy glass, and pilgrims to Rome kiss the glass over these spots while mounting the stairs on their knees. The Passionists have also organized a system of blessing with relics in all their convents, as in Hoboken where the receipts for blessings amount to several hundred dollars a week. The business is a very profitable one, and requires no outlay of capital.

Inferiority of Catholic Education

The Roman Catholic colleges in this country are scarcely worthy of the name, even the Jesuit institutions being far inferior to the Protestant or secular colleges and universities. In Europe it is the same. A note in the editorial page of the *New York Tribune*, October 4, 1898, said:

Leipsic University refuses to accept time spent at the University of Freiburg, in Switzerland, in the count for its degrees, on the ground that the teaching there has deteriorated below university standards since the Dominican monks have obtained control. The other German universities are likely to follow the example of Leipsic, and will refuse to recognize the Freiburg degrees as well.

A degree from Leipsic is recognized all over the world as the stamp of scholarship, and the graduates of that famous university find ready access to professional chairs in American colleges. A degree from a Roman Catholic institution gives no guarantee of proficiency in any branch of learning, the Catholic University at Washington not excepted. It is well that the *Tribune* should note the inferiority of Roman Catholic colleges also in Europe.

As may be seen on p. 354, if the Dominicans are not great scholars, at least their garb is picturesque.

Volumes XV. and XVI.

With this number the Fifteenth Volume of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC comes to a close. The careful and complete Index tells what it contains. It has been a labor of love for the Editor to prepare it every month during the year. Unlike other periodicals which have many hands and heads engaged in their publication, the responsibility of editing and publishing this magazine has fallen upon one head and one pair of hands. The work has not been an easy one, and there have been times of trial during the year when absolute reliance upon God only could give the strength to "press on." But as Paul says, "I have fought the good fight," and the victory is the Lord's. The Psalmist says, "God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

With energy renewed and bright hopes for the future, Volume XVI. (for 1899) should be the best yet published, and it will if faith in God and hard work can make it. The contributors whose articles adorned the pages of Vol. XV. will continue to write for the Sixteenth Volume, and new writers will appear to edify and instruct the readers.

It now remains for the subscribers to sustain the magazine by renewing their subscriptions for next year, 1899.

